LETICIA: Oh, we're jus' gonna hang out for a while.
HORTENSIA: Well, not on the street, do you hear me?
HORTENSIA: Aw, mom!
LETICIA: Aw, Mom!
HORTENSIA: Pero, no la conozco, es callejera.
HORTENSIA: Shoot, I'll be graduating in a month.
HORTENSIA: You think graduating makes you una mujer. Eres mujer
cuando te cases. Then your husband can worry about you, not
me.
HORTENSIA: Yeah, but Rigo can come and go as he pleases whether he's
married or not.
HORTENSIA: Claro. Es hombre.
LETICIA: Es hombre. Es hombre. I'm sick of hearing that. It's not fair.
HORTENSIA: Well, you better get use to things not being fair.
Whoever said the world was goin' to be fair?
HORTENSIA: Well, my world's going to be fair! (Leticia exits upstage.
Rosario and Hortensia stare at the air in silence.)
HORTENSIA: Te digo, the girl scares me sometimes.
LUPE: (Entering.) Papi wants his cigarettes. (They turn to her. A beat.
Then all three simultaneously turn their attention back to the nov-
ela. The lights fade to black while the novela continues playing in
the darkness.)

Graces Notes
Rachel Rubin Ladutke

Dramatic
Scene: Emily is holding a book but staring into space. Catherine and
Grace are in the middle of an argument. Catherine has just
revealed that she is pregnant.

Grace: 53, speaks her mind, traces remaining of a South Carolina
childhood, genteel, a beauty.
Emily: 16, her daughter.
Catherine: 19, her old daughter.
Molly: 33, her step-daughter, very pregnant.

GRACE: Don't start, Catherine. We have to talk about the future.
What to do afterwards. (Deep breath.) I can't think straight. Lord,
how am I going to get dinner ready?
EMILY: Who gives a damn about dinner?
GRACE: I do! Okay. It's Thursday night. We're going to have a nice
quiet meal for a change. The Wards are coming over for cards
later. Tomorrow your father will be home. And on Monday, after
everyone's left, Joseph and you and I are going to sit down and
have a long talk.
CATHERINE: Sure. We can talk about it all you want. I've made my
decision.
GRACE: Nobody's making any decisions right now. Not me, not you.
This is too emotional.
CATHERINE: I'm not emotional, Mama. I'm perfectly calm. I've had a
long time to think about this.
GRACE: Fine, now I'm entitled to the same courtesy. I don't want
either of you to say a word about this tonight. In fact, nobody is
to know until after Christmas. Is that clear?
EMILY: Sure, but why not?
GRACE: Because we're going to have a nice, family holiday. I don't
want anything to ruin it.
CATHERINE: (Mutter.) What bullshit.
GRACE: Catherine? Promise me. No big scenes. (Pause.) Don't you
think your father deserves to be told next?
CATHERINE: Sure, Mama.
GRACE: Nobody says a word till Monday. Agreed? Emily?
EMILY: I promise.
CATHERINE: Okay. No big scenes.
GRACE: Fine. Who wants to help me with the pies?
EMILY: I don’t really feel like it.
CATHERINE: I think I’ll go lie down for a while.
GRACE: Catherine? Have you been taking care of yourself?
CATHERINE: Sure. I’m fine, Mama. Just tired, that’s all.
GRACE: Eating all right?
CATHERINE: Yes, I said!
EMILY: You want help with your bags?
CATHERINE: Sure. Thanks.
(They grab the bags and exit. Grace pours herself a drink, sits at
the table, and lights a cigarette. Molly enters from the outside.)
MOLLY: Whew, it’s really nippy out there! (Shrugs out of her coat.)
GRACE: Here, sit down. I’ll take that. (Hangs up Molly’s coat. Molly is
hugely pregnant.) Enjoy your walk?
MOLLY: It was wonderful! I’d forgotten how beautiful the trees look
when they get covered in snow. In Washington, everything just
melts right away. It’s been warm so far this winter.
GRACE: Not up here.
MOLLY: I can see that! Abby and Annie. . .
GRACE: Last time I checked, they were fast asleep.
MOLLY: Wonderful. (Grinaces.) Oh, boy. Sometimes I think this one is
twins again. He’s so strong. Cath get in all right?
GRACE: I suppose.
MOLLY: Martinis in the afternoon? This looks serious.
GRACE: My funny daughter. (Pause.) I was just trying to relax a little.
MOLLY: Grace? Is something wrong?
GRACE: Not a thing. I’m just preoccupied. (Forcing a smile.) I’ve got
so much to do.
MOLLY: I could help if you’d let me.
GRACE: No, you won’t. One of the main reasons for having you all up
here this year is so you wouldn’t have to lift a finger. And I meant
that. Besides, Emily’s a great help to me.
MOLLY: Sure, when she thinks about it. And Cath . . . (Really looking
at her.) You look kind of drawn out. Are you getting enough
sleep?
GRACE: I should be asking you that. (Gets up.) Would you like some
hot chocolate?
MOLLY: I’d love some! I miss your hot chocolate more than just about
anything else on the farm.
GRACE: Flattery will get you everywhere. (Gets down two mugs.) I
think I’ll join you.
MOLLY: Are you sure you’re feeling all right?
GRACE: Molly, let it go. I’m fine.
MOLLY: Okay, okay. At least let me make the sweet potatoes?
GRACE: Nope. You can help next year.
MOLLY: With three kids hanging on me? It’ll be a miracle if I get any-
thing done.
GRACE: You love it though.
MOLLY: This one’s going to be a boy. I just know it. (Unable to take
anymore, Grace begins to cry.) Grace? What is it? (Gets up and
embraces Grace.) I knew something was wrong.
GRACE: No. . . (Grace tries to compose herself. Catherine bursts in.)
CATHERINE: I’m going to the store. You need anything else?
GRACE: Oh. . . no, I don’t think so. I thought you were tired.
MOLLY: Why don’t you slow down for a second? Can’t you see she’s
upset?
CATHERINE: Mind your own damn business, Molly! (To Grace.) I see
you couldn’t keep quiet for ten minutes.
MOLLY: Keep quiet about what?
GRACE: Catherine, calm down.
CATHERINE: No, I won’t calm down! God, you’re such a hypocrite!
GRACE: Catherine. . .
CATHERINE: You said we’d keep this quiet till after Christmas! But the
minute I get out of the room, you blab to her! Thanks a lot, Mom.
MOLLY: What are you talking about?
CATHERINE: Come off it, Molly. Don’t pretend she didn’t tell you I’m
pregnant!
MOLLY: (Stunned.) You’re what?
CATHERINE: Some secret, Mom. Thanks a lot.
GRACE: Actually, I didn’t tell her.
CATHERINE: Sure. Then what was all that about when I came in? You
crying, your precious Molly hugging you. . .
GRACE: I needed a little comfort, that’s all! But I didn’t tell her why I
was upset, Catherine.
CATHERINE: Yeah, right.
MOLLY: She's telling the truth. You just told me yourself. (Awkward silence.)
CATHERINE: Oh, man... I gotta get out of here for a while. Where's the car keys?
GRACE: Where are the car keys? (Catherine just glares at her.) Here. (Hands them to her.)
CATHERINE: Do you have a couple of bucks? (Grace hands her some money.) Thanks. See ya. (Grabs her coat and slams out.)
GRACE: (Trying to joke.) Car keys, money... if I closed my eyes and her voice was a little lower, I'd think Jason was here.
MOLLY: Grace... I'm sorry.
GRACE: You didn't do anything wrong, honey. (Getting tearful again.) I don't know what to do. How did this happen? I'm scared for her Molly. I'm so scared.
EMILY: Cath! Wait for me! (Emily bursts in, runs to kitchen door, and stands looking out.)
MOLLY: She's going to be all right, Mom. Catherine's a survivor. Like you were.
GRACE: I wish I felt that way.
EMILY: She never waits for me! (Suddenly starts crying.) She's always running on ahead.
GRACE: It's okay, honey. It's okay. Shh. She just needs some time to herself, that's all. Shh. Everything's going to be fine. (Grace hugs Emily tight, nearly crying herself. Molly looks on. Lights fade.)

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Seventeen Warnings in Search of a Feminist Poem
Erica Jong

Reader's Theater Piece/Poetry

4 Women

1: Beware of the man who denounces ambition; his fingers itch under his gloves.
2: Beware of the man who denounces war through clenched teeth.
3: Beware of the man who denounces women writers; his penis is tiny and he cannot spell.
4: Beware of the man who wants to protect you; he will protect you from everything but himself.
5: Beware of the man who loves to cook; he will fill your kitchen with greasy pots.
6: Beware of the man who loves your soul; he is a bullshitter.
7: Beware of the man who denounces his mother; he is a son of a bitch.
8: Beware of the man who spells son of a bitch as one word; he is a hack.
9: Beware of the man who loves death too well; he is taking out insurance.
10: Beware of the man who loves life too well; he is a fool.
11: Beware of the man who denounces psychiatrists; he is afraid.
12: Beware of the man who trusts psychiatrists; he is in hock.
13: Beware of the man who picks your dresses; he wants to wear them.
14: Beware of the man you think is harmless; he will surprise you.